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[THREEPENCE.]

THE OLD YEAR! THE NEW YEAR!

THE Old Year! the New Year! Expressions these familiar to us from our infancy; and because they are so familiar, and so common, we may be sure that they involve some portion of genuine truth and practical wisdom. If they did not, they would long ago have failed to keep their hold of the human heart. Whatever hangs upon, or clings to, the memory of man, is sure to have life in it: nothing without life holds to life. This is as true of words and sayings as of anything else.

And yet we have some fault to find with "the Old Year!" for truly speaking the so-called "Old Year" is only just come to its appointed station, when it is basely trampled upon by uproarious spirits, as something done with, as a shadow, to which time will no longer give any substance.

"But wait a little," we would have said to those who were so ready to call 1853 an old year, and to forget it, in their anxiety to ring the bells and empty their glasses to the year 1854. A year is made up of three hundred and sixty-five days, with some few hours and minutes to boot; and the year 1853, therefore, had only then just come into existence, as a true and proper year, when many a gay circle was meditating its obsequies. It was not a year till its days, hours, minutes were fulfilled. It was the last second—the closing, infinitesimal instant which completed the predestinate and predrawn circle that gave us actually the year 1853.

And there is really something pleasanter in this than in the common notion, that an old friend received a last farewell, was parted with, lost sight of, in unfathomable darkness, as the clock struck twelve on the last night of December. We have often had some very sad feelings while such was the idea prevailing in our minds; and the suddenly checked laugh, the half-hysterical sigh, the tear brushed away before it

could fall, but not before it was seen, have plainly shown that others were feeling just as we did at the supposed loss of "the old year."

But 1853 is neither a lost, nor an old year. It is a noble, full-grown year, of the right stature to take its place in the ranks of its fellows, and to share with them in bearing up the destinies of humanity. The future is but a name; at the best, a hope. But the years which we number as complete, are the trusty guardians of all that is most precious to us. They preserve to us, in inviolable shrines, the memories of the great and good; they are, for many, the ministers of thoughts and associations, which those who enjoy them would not resign for ten times the wealth of the present. They foster our best examples. It is they who speak when the lawyer, or the statesman, calls for precedents; and the foundation of the most profitable works that we are now continuing, is the good-will of some preceding year.

And this it is which keeps the year alive when, having been pronounced old, it is popularly supposed to be dead and gone. While it gives, in its course, opportunities for the wonderful developments of human energy, the life of that energy animates time itself; and the year lives because the souls of the men who have thought and acted in it live.

Nor is this to deprive the year just dawning upon us of any of its glory. It is born to a noble inheritance; and we are not the less disposed to hail it joyfully, because we do not regard it as the only year in existence. It has its hand linked in that of its parent, as its parent still holds by that of its predecessor, and so on, till we trace back the line to where it is lost in the deep waters of the deluge.

And may the New Year fulfil its destiny as well as the former! As it first opened its eye upon the varied scenes of this wondrous world, it must have learnt that there is much for it to do. It has to finish wars begun, we know not

why, in the time of its forerunner. It has to find food for some millions of helpless creatures just born, or just worn out, in the year 1853. It has to resolve problems on all possible subjects, started, it would almost seem, for no purpose but to puzzle 1854.

But while there may be something not quite pleasant in this kind of work, there are plans laid, designs begun for it, which any year, at any period of the world, might have been proud to carry on. Thus, when it opened its bright eye upon this world, just as the clock struck twelve on December 31, could it fail to catch, even in its first rapid glance at our doings, a sight of Sydenham? Could it fail to discover that there, whenever it finds its burdens not very heavy, it may well enjoy its leisure? Could it do otherwise than delight itself in the thought, that there it may lead, instruct, and nurture, its tributary hours, and show them in its own narrow course, what it had taken three thousand other years to conceive and fashion?

Nay, we are not quite without a hope that the eye of the New Year may rest benignly on our pages. We honour 1853 because it gave us our existence as journalists, and, at the same time, a name and a theme which naturally associate themselves with the beautiful and the good. Untrue, indeed, should we be to our calling, did we forget, in any wise, the fair creation which we thus follow, and to whose interests our own are so closely wedded. May the New Year, then, see both the greater and the less design successfully advancing,—accomplished in plan, but still growing in usefulness. May no cloud, which either folly or vice, impiety or disloyalty, could create, ever dim the cheering radiance of the Crystal Palace. And borrowing, as we would, some gleam of its lustre, may the present and many future years confess, that our record of its triumphs has, in some degree, contributed to render the vast, and even sacred, interests with which they are connected, a subject of more earnest and permanent reflection.



SCIENCE IN ITS RELATIONS TO LABOUR.

We observe with pleasure, that Dr. Lyon Playfair has published, in a very cheap form, the admirable address on this subject which he delivered some two months since, to the students of the People's College at Sheffield. It contains little that will be new to those who heard, or have read, his lecture, before the Society of Arts, on "The Chemical Principles Involved in the Manufactures of the Exhibition;" but it is well fitted to strengthen, as well as to stimulate, a sense of "the necessity of industrial instruction."

We lately observed, in an article on "The New Era of Industry and Art," that neither of those two branches of human activity "has developed, or is about to develop any attribute essentially new. . . . They can but enlarge their sphere, gain new materials and new tools with which to work, increase the sum of benefits they confer." These sentences do not apply to Science itself—though they do apply to Science in relation to Labour. Science is the proper antithesis of Art, and the natural ally of Industry. Science is the product of deduction and experiment, a thing of fact and rule—Art, on the contrary, is the result of intuition or of inspiration, and has no rules but such as are self-imposed. Science aims to simplify and concentrate—Art at once to elaborate and intensify. Art recognises Labour only as its slave—the hewer of its marbles, the grinder of its colours; while Science emancipates Labour from the tyranny of natural necessities, bestowing upon its ally the power itself has wrested or coaxed from fire and water, earth and air. The history of Art is the history of individual minds—the history of Science, the real history of human progress. The annals of Industry would be but very limited and monotonous but for the interpolations of Science—interpolations growing so much more frequent and brilliant as the world grows older. The capabilities of unassisted Labour seem barely beyond the supply of most obvious wants—but in league with Science, they are exhaustless as the fancy or desire of man. He would be a bold man who would say, in the heart of a city almost as light by day as by night, and of a country traversed by self-moved caravans and invisible messengers—bold to the temerity of folly would be he who should say, that Science may not to-morrow detect some quite new quality in matter, or suggest some revolutionary combination of familiar powers.

Yet it is true that such scientific achievements as experience authorizes us to anticipate, would be confined to explaining the principles of industrial processes; enlarging or economizing materials; and facilitating or dispensing with manual operations. And this applies no less to the chemical than to the mechanical aids of industry. Under both of these heads, what vast contributions has not Science made to Labour! Take, for instance, of the class of mechanical aids,—the manufacture of cloth. How many, and inevitable, steps, between the dirty-white fleece on the back of its native wearer, and the blue dress-coat or riding-habit of the superior animal. Simple unassisted labour—a man's two hands, untaught by aught more than observation and practice—could certainly accomplish the entire distance,—make every one of the many, inevitable steps. He could tear off the wool, wash, comb, spin it, weave, colour, and stitch the fabric, without any aid, mechanical or chemical, worth the name of scientific. But the process would be one fatal to the general wear of blue coats. The one step of colouring is a curious instance of the saving effected by an obvious mechanical appliance. Native African princes wear blue glazed robes, the cloth of which receives its gloss and colour by having indigo rubbed in with a small shell as hard as a man can rub. In the time, and in the house, of the first Sir Robert Peel, a similar effect was produced by the analogous process of rubbing with a round bottle. Now, the calendering cylinder gives the required polish to some miles of cloth in the time the bottle-rubbers spent over as many yards. Take, again, the manufacture of metal. The work of constructing a steam-engine is itself about as grand a display of mechanical power as can anywhere be witnessed. Iron beams thick as a man's body, are hammered as easily as a kitchen poker,—steel turnings fly off like deal shavings,—

and metal sheets are rolled out as if plastic as dough, and cut as if no thicker than pasteboard. In all these processes, there are no powers at work whose rudiments may not be seen in the most primitive workshop: it is because Science has classified and recombined them, that the force of many hundred horses is put at the command of a single human hand.

Chemistry has not contributed equally with mechanics to the abbreviation of Labour; for it cannot strictly be said to have supplied the motive power, steam, to the machinery which would be of incomparably less utility if left to manual propulsion;—the use of steam as a propeller was probably known to Archimedes—it was only the ingenuity to give it mechanical adaptation, that was wanting. Nevertheless, chemistry has made some very important contributions of this kind;—as, for instance, when it suggested the steeping of cotton in sulphuric acid, instead of in buttermilk, for the purpose of bleaching,—a suggestion repeatedly improved upon, and leading to this result, that as many hours as formerly months, and as many square feet as formerly acres, now suffice for the whitening of cotton fabrics. Another illustration—but a less striking one—may be taken from the tan-yard. The process of removing the hair from the hide was almost as tedious as that of plucking the feathers off a goose, until some man of science bethought himself that lime-water would dissolve the bulbous root of the capillary growth; and so the surface might be reaped, after immersion in that liquid, with great rapidity, and an instrument too blunt to cut the skin.

But it is in another field that chemistry has yielded the greatest advantages to industry: we speak, be it remembered, of industry as at once a producer and a consumer. The chemist has wonderfully increased, partly by economizing, the material in which the labourer works. There is scarcely a household article or trade commodity but is indebted in this way to some yet recent discovery. We are reminded by the fire on our hearth, and the large figures in our coal-merchant's bill, that fuel has been greatly saved by the chemist. There is an immense consumption of coal in the first rude process of the iron manufacture—that of smelting. A very high temperature is required, and, consequently, a fierce blast. Now, every time the outer air is admitted to the furnace, the temperature is lowered by the cold which rushes in; and before that loss is recovered, the force of the blast is nearly spent. Acting on this observation, put in scientific terms, it was resolved to heat the air before admitting it to the furnace; and it was actually found, that by this means a saving of fuel to the amount of sixty per cent. was effected. Other, and still more important, reductions in the consumption of coals, are anticipated from more recent observations of eminent chemists. Among the countless discoveries of the chemist in the cotton-factory, there is, perhaps, none more striking than that of the value of madder refuse. The red dye most commonly used for calico, was long considered useless after having once served in the dye vat. The waste material was rejected by the farmer as well as by the manufacturer, and was, therefore, thrown into the rivers. Perhaps it was the discoloration of those ill-used streams which led to the suspicion that the dyeing property was not quite extinct in the madder. A chemical experiment confirmed that suspicion; it was found to yield a second dye; and nothing is now thrown away by the dyer till the chemist has tried upon it his searching acids. The gas-works affords another, among many, illustrations of the same kind. The clammy, ill-smelling matter which so obstinately adheres to coal-gas as for a long time to have baffled efforts to bring it into general use, have been at length almost entirely vanquished. Besides benzole and naphtha, lamp-black, and other products useful in painting, dyeing, medicine, and other arts, coal-tar offers to solidify our pavements, and seal up our graveyards, in the form of asphalt; and when mixed with the refuse of the coal-pit, makes an excellent artificial fuel. The substitution of a soda derived from sea-salt for barilla—the ashes of certain marine plants—was very simple in itself, but of immense importance in its results; tending greatly to cheapen glass and soap. The mention of soap reminds us that no

slight contribution to the comfort of our English homes—perhaps, to the elevation of the African race—was made by the chemist who discovered in the palm and cocoa-nut the fat of sheep and oxen; thereby enabling us to fetch from the shores of the Niger a substitute for the tariff-guarded grease and oil of Russia. In short, the limit to these illustrations is merely that of time and space.

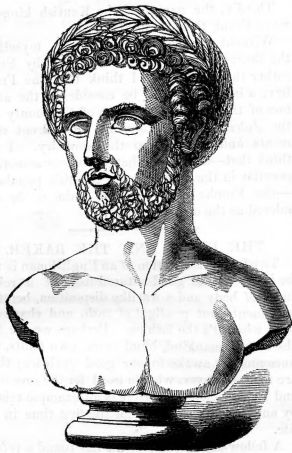
There are other aspects of the general subject, to some of which we will take another opportunity to allude: for the present we will conclude with Dr. Playfair's entertaining summary of instances in which chemistry, "like a prudent housewife, economizes every scrap!"—

"The horsehoofs, dropped in the streets during the daily traffic, are carefully collected by her, and reappear in the form of swords and guns. The clippings of the travelling triner are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the poorest inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dresses of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of the broken-hoop of an old beer-barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer-matches. The dregs of port-wine, carefully rejected by the port-wine drinker in decanting his favourite beverage, are taken by him in the morning, in the form of Sedlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The oil of the streets and the washings of coal-gas re-appear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavour blancmanges for her friends."

THE GREAT BEARD MOVEMENT.

THE Crystal Palace being a sort of neutral ground, where all sorts of people and all shades of opinion meet and harmonize, many prejudices are happily there laid aside; and whether a man shaves his head, and makes his obeisance by taking off his shoes, or wears his beard, and takes off his hat to be polite, are matters of very little consideration so long as he does his duty, and does it well. Certainly there is no denying the soft impeachment beards are the prevailing fashion at the Palace, and as it is likely to become the setter of all fashion for the future, we fully expect to see the day when razors will be finally buried in the tomb of our forefathers' pig-tails, pounce-boxes, and powder-puffs; and young England, instead of "stamping his vitals," or taking the name of Jove in vain, will ratify his oath by this comely emblem of manliness, and with all the solemnity of an Oriental. The utility of the beard for health and comfort are admitted, the only question is, what will Mrs. Grundy say? It is gratifying to find the subject has already attracted the keen eye of science, and that when the present approved cut has died out, like the Hessians and the swallow-tails, and the architectural yew-trees, the type of the true "whisker" is preserved in such strictly physiological language as the following:—

"A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of forms have arisen. How have they arisen? Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upwards? To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker? Was there ever known a hobbledehoy who saw 'a great future' in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. The first hair of whiskers, in truth, have grown up, like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly and persistently—an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea of allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his whiskers curled into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go, like a youth who had ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the whisker away under the owner's ear; he could not rest for the life of him till why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen with the vast Pacific of a face has little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though agitated at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see, as the colored or general takes off his hat to that lady, that he is quite bald—those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a tremendous landslide from the veteran's head!"—*Quarterly Review.*



PHIDIAS.

PHIDIAS, the son of Charmides, was born in the 73rd Olympiad, B.C. 488, at a period when, after the defeat of Xerxes, the prospect of continued peace, and the refinement consequent on increased resources, a purer patriotism, and the ennobling consciousness of an exalted destiny, had imparted a new stimulus to the Grecian mind, enabling Athenians to appreciate poets, philosophers, and statesmen. Among names immortal in all branches of intellectual culture, Phidias arose to express in sculpture and architectural structure the national fortunes, feelings, and faith, but there exist slender records of the personal and domestic life of Phidias. His biography is little more than an uncertain chronology of his works. Under whom he studied is uncertain, although the conjecture of historians points to Agelidas, and to the otherwise unknown Hippias. It, however, appears certain that he commenced his career as a painter—from which study he acquired, says Flaxman, “a grace in his groups, a softness in his flesh, and a flow in his draperies, unknown to his predecessors.”

His first known work is the Athena Promachus, executed about 460 B.C. This was the Minerva *potiade*, which was of colossal height, and of which, standing on a rocky prominence, the sparkling helmet served as a beacon to mariners at a considerable distance. He was next employed in executing the offering sent from Athens to Delphos, in thanks-giving for the victory at Marathon. It consisted of a group of thirteen bronze figures—viz., Apollo, Minerva, Miltiades, and ten warriors representing the ten tribes. Standing thus in the national temple, it seems to have attracted the notice and won the applause of Greece; for we hear of his being presently after entrusted with the design and execution of the presents and victorious trophies of several cities. Under Pericles, he became personally somewhat more prominent, being always honoured by the protection and close intimacy of that great statesman, contributing to the chief glory of his administration, sharing in the persecutions to which his patron was subjected, and equally lashed and reviled by the comic poets. He was now appointed director of the public works of Athens; in which office he was backed by unlimited means and the approval of a nation of critics.

Under his superintendence arose those noble examples of Grecian art—the Acropolis, the Odeum, and the Parthenon. Many of the larger and more important statues were the workmanship of his own hands; a Rhea, an Amazon, a golden statuette of Pallas, and the Lemnian Venus (the last being mentioned by Lucian as excelling all his others in feminine grace) are recorded as the most remarkable of his productions about this time.

He frequently consulted the people concerning the general character of a temple or a trophy, and the attitude or attribute to be portrayed in a god, and abided by their decision. On one occasion, advising the Athenians to order marble as the material for a colossal image, on account of its cheapness, they immediately directed him to make it of ivory and gold, as they would have nothing that could possibly be surpassed in costliness, and nothing but what was most worthy of their goddess. With this statue of Minerva is connected a melancholy incident in the artist's life. In obedience to the wishes of the people, he spared no pains or expense, but determined to construct a *chef d'œuvre*. It was thirty-nine feet in height, formed in ivory and gold, in the manner called cryselephantine, holding a lance and a victory, and its shield and pedestal were covered with elaborate bas-reliefs, representing many principal events of mythology. Before it was quite completed, the citizens, perhaps in an excess of scrupulous reverence, and perhaps unwilling that the glory of such a work should be attributed to individuals rather than to the state, forbade him to inscribe on the work his own name or that of his patron. Phidias complied; but introduced on the shield the figures of both. This was effected with so much art, that although the faces were concealed by weapons or uplifted stones, the likenesses were indisputable. The jealous populace decreed his imprisonment; but Pericles assisted him to escape from confinement. He retired to Elis, a city where sculpture was highly appreciated, and there followed his vocation. A Minerva Ergane and an Urania are two of the principal productions of his banishment. The Elians had vowed a temple to Jupiter Olympus, and engaged their Athenian guest to execute a statue of that god. The master availed himself of this opportunity to take an artist's revenge on his countrymen. He resolved that the Jupiter of his exile should eclipse the Minerva of his prosperity. It was constructed 60 feet in height, and enriched with a golden radiance of ornaments and precious stones; it is said to have been made of ivory, but must, of course, have been merely plated with that material; as M. de Pauw has calculated that otherwise it would have consumed the teeth of 300 elephants. But apart from its costliness and immensity, it was, indeed, his masterpiece. Quintilian says of it that “it possessed beauty which seems to have added something to religion, so worthy did it appear of the god”; and Strabo, with not less awe than humour, remarks, that “had it risen from its seat, it would have carried away the roof.” Indeed, in this—the last and greatest of his creations—Phidias seems to have concentrated his mission in the history of art, and to have fully realized the whole philosophy and dignity of his ideal of the Divine—a being ruling in perfect tranquillity and repose; not apart from sympathy, yet removed from all passion and all stain of earth; not to be eluded or deceived, but with a will too absolute to need expression of emotion or resentment. When asked by his brother Pancrus whence he derived his inspiration, he answered in the words of Homer:—

“He gave the nod—the stamp of fate.”

A decree of the Elians conferred on his descendants the honourable office of preserving this statue from injury. It was removed by Theodosius I. to Constantinople, where it was burnt in 475. He died in prison at Elis, about 432 before Christ, and about the 59th year of his age.

Messrs. Robinson and Cotham, of Pinlicko, have just made a most successful bronze casting (in one entire piece), from the colossal model, by Behnes, of the late Sir Robert Peel, which is about to be placed in the City, between the Mansion-house and the Royal Exchange. A large assemblage of distinguished personages were present on that occasion. A large assemblage of distinguished persons were present on the occasion, and for whom a commodious platform had been erected, to enable them to witness the infusion of several tons of glowing metal into the huge mould prepared for the statue, a process the most interesting imaginable, and one which does not occupy more time than half a minute after the signal is once given for the fireman to tap the furnace containing the precious fluid.

The committee for the Wellington memorial at Norwich have selected an elegant design, by G. G. Adams, Esq., for a colossal statue of His Grace, to be erected in that City.

DR. LATHAM'S LECTURE

ON THE LEGEND OF HENGEST AND Horsa, AND THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EARLY POPULATION OF KENT, AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF SUSSEX, ESSEX, MIDDLESEX, &c. BY R. G. LATHAM, M.D.

THE subject of the evening's lecture has been chosen with special reference to the county in which it is delivered; indeed, lately, wherever I have had the honour of addressing an audience upon the early history and ethnology of Great Britain, I have attempted, as much as possible, to deal with the particular county or district in which I may be speaking. Stimulus to local and minute observations may thus be given, and it is local and minute observations that are most wanted. With these, there is much to be done in an apparently unpromising field.

I shall begin with the assumption that, in some points or other, many or few, important or unimportant, the county of Kent has an early ethnology of its own. I shall consider whether the current notions on the subject account for them. This being decided in the negative, the most probable character of the early ethnology of Kent will be suggested.

The current doctrine respecting the introduction of our forefathers is, that they came from three of the chief nations of Germany—the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes. Of these, the Jutes occupied Kent, Hants, and the Isle of Wight; the Saxons, the counties ending in *Sex* (Saxon), such as *Sus-sex*, *Es-sex*, *Middle-sex*, and *Wes-sex*; the Angles the rest of the island. In Kent Hengest and Horsa were the Jute leaders. If all this be true, the question before us is settled, and the population of Kent is of Jute descent, as opposed to Angle and Saxon.

But what if the early accounts are wholly void of credit—fables? In such a case there may be no Jutes, no Hengest, no Horsa. Let us examine these. By the beginning of the fifth century the Roman power in England had become thoroughly broken; the Roman civilization had declined; and it was not until A.D. 597 that Christianity was introduced amongst the Anglo-Saxons. The intervening period was one of darkness, with declining Paganism among the Roman, with a slight Christianity among the British, and with full Paganism amongst the Saxon elements of our population. It was too late for the classical, too early for the ecclesiastical writers. There were no truly historical records. Nevertheless, when the seventh century had begun, the then Christianized and lettered Angles investigated the history of their early occupancy of Britain. It is widely believed that the results at which they arrived are true and historical. I doubt this. I disbelieve it. Let us look at some of them. The diagram before you gives you the early chronology of the kingdom of Kent. The events are referable to nine years. They are not all given, because they are not equally important. Understand, however, that to each of the years before you there is some event referred; and also that there is only one event in early Kentish history besides those you have before you. So that anterior to the death of *Æsc*, we have ten facts, and no more, nine of which occur in the years of the table.

A.D. 449.—Hengest and Horsa.
457.—Battle of Crecganford.
465.—Battle of Wippedsæd.
473.—*Æsc*.
481.
489.—Hengest dies.
497.
505.
513.—*Æsc* dies.

What is there remarkable here? What improbable? Simply, that every event happens at a period of eight years from the one that preceded it. There is a cycle of eight years. But history does not adapt itself to these cycles. How, then, do they arise? From the speculations of certain men of imperfect learning and criticism, who, in times subsequent to certain events, attempt to construct a history without sufficient data—or, at any rate, without sufficient dates. They find certain facts (real or supposed), and they spread them over the dark and unknown period over which they pore at equal distances.

Further still—*Æsc* has two successors, the

ore reigns twenty-four, the other forty-eight years (*i. e.*, 8×3 , and 8×6). This discovery of the eight-year cycle in the early Kentish history is Dr. Lappenberg's, not mine. I only adopt it; and I adopt the inference from it; viz.—the non-historical character of the early Kentish chronology.

Now look at the diagrams next in order. The first gives us the names of the Kings of Wessex; the second those of the Kings of Essex:—

I.	II.
Woden.	Woden.
Bældag.	Wægdag.
Brand.	Sigegam.
Fræothgar.	Swædgag.
Fræawine.	Sigegat.
Wig.	Sebald.
Gi-wis.	Sefugl.
Esla.	Westerfalan.
Elesa.	Wigils.
Cerdie.	Uxfrea.
Cynric.	Ilfa.
	Gella.

In these lists each pair of names begins with the same letter; in the second, more pairs than one. S seems to have been a favourite sound in Essex. Why is this? Does any one, when his attention is drawn to the fact, believe that fathers and mothers actually christened (if we say so of Pagans) their children on this alphabetical system? Does any one believe the alterations to be accidental? If so, it is strange that it should occur so near the similar accident of the eight-year cycle. The true explanation lies in the structure of the Anglo-Saxon metres. In Anglo-Saxon verse there was no *quantity*, as in Latin and Greek—no *rhyme*, as with us. The substitute was as follows:—In every *long* line, or in every two *short* ones, two words had to begin with the same letter. Hence, such fathers and sons as Fræothgar and Fræawine, Bældag and Brand, were fathers and sons that had no existence in nature, but were made to suit the necessities of the poet, and the rules of his versification.

Another point—some of these names are real; the majority are not so. *Horsa* means a horse; *Hengest* a stallion; *Eso* an ash-tree. Then look at *Sefugl* the sea-fowl; and *Westerfalan*, the fulgon of the west. Do these look like the names of men? I do not say they do not. The North American Indians, &c., give themselves strange names—names of this kind. But the following fact lies dead against their reality. For the most part they are found only during the dark unhistoric period we are dealing with. When we get under the true light of history they disappear. No names are more marked than those of the true Saxon kings—Alfred, Edgar, Edwin, Edward, &c. Yet their names never appear anterior to A.D. 600; and subsequent to A.D. 600 we have no *Horsa*, *Hengests*, *Eses*, *Cerdics*, &c. Was this loss of one set of names, and adoption of another, real? No. The real fact is, that when true history begins we have the names of true men; whereas, whilst the period of fictitious history lasts, we have names invented by the poet—names taken from other histories—names made out for the purpose of verse.

I say distinctly, that some of these names were utterly unreal—fabrications, coinages. In some cases we can see how they were made—examine (so to say) the process of the manufacture. There was a place with a name to it; there were signs of a battle having been fought there; there was a monument of some sort;—there was a place, in short, with something to explain. The real facts belonged to Roman history, or to British. As such, they were unknown to the Saxon. On the other hand, the early history of his own people was obscure. At the same time, it was what he wanted to obtain. In this state of mind he assumes that the name of a place is derived from that of some individual who performed certain acts there—acts which account for the peculiarities of the locality. Thus, if there are places called *Horsted*, or *Horsleydown*, *Hengestones*, &c., the doctrine becomes evolved that a *Horsa*, or a *Hengest*, at a certain time, did or suffered something then and there. In short, the name of a person is elaborated out of the name of a place: the real process being the exactly contrary one. History such as this must be in-

terpreted by the rule of contraries—it must read backwards.

I ought to lay before you some evidence of this. It lies in that diagram—

Cymenes-ora.
Cyssan-caester.
Port.
Wiht-gar.
Wiht-garas-byrg.
Curisbrook.

What do these words tell us? *Cymenesora* (the Anglo-Saxon form for the village of *Keyn-sor*) is said, in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, to have taken its name from *Cymen*, who landed there. *Cymen*, however, is a name that occurs nowhere in true history, and *ora* is no Saxon word, but a Latin one. *Cyssan-caester*—this means *Chiches-ter*, named from a man called *Cissa*. No such name in real history—whilst the termination, *caester*, is not Saxon, but Latin. *Port*, in Anglo-Saxon—the name of a great conqueror on the coast of Hants—in Latin (and in reality) the word *Portus*, *Portsmouth*. *Wiht-gar*—this is a compound; *wiht* means the island called in Latin *Vectis*, in Anglo-Saxon and English, *Wiht* and *Wight*—whilst *gar* means *inhabitant*, *Wiht-gara*, then, means *Isle-of-Wight-men* (in Latin, *Vecticola*). *Wiht-garasburg* is the *town* (*borough*) of the *Isle-of-Wight-men*—of which the modern form is *Carisbrook*, the *wiht* being dropped. Yet *Wiht-gar*, in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, is a man who conquered the Isle of Wight. This is just such a blunder as if a speculator of our own times were to say that *Carisbrook* was a small rivulet named after a Queen called *Caroline*. We see the absurdity here; but there is a halo of antiquity round the absurdities of the years 600 and odd.

Another way, by which history is made out of fable, consists in the adoption on the part of an invading nation of the legends of the country which they invade. Something of this kind appears in Anglo-Saxon history. I think such names as *Cerdie*, and *Cæwelin*, are the names of the British kings *Carlos* (*Charactacus*), and *Cymbelin*, taken up out of British and inserted into Saxon history. Such adaptations are common. The early accounts, then, are untrustworthy, and the evidence that Kent was peopled by Jutes is unsatisfactory. This question must be treated on its own merits. The next diagram leads us to the investigation of them:—

DANISH.	ANGLO-SAXON.
Skip.	Ship.
Carl.	Charl.
Skel.	Shel.
Fisk.	Fish.
Kirk.	Church.
Castor.	Chester, Cester.
Orm.	Worm.
Fjord.	Ford.
-by.	-ton.

The Jutes were Danes. Now in all the Danish parts of England the names of towns and villages take a peculiar form; viz., the form of the first of these columns. Thus, *Skipton* in the Saxon parts of England is *Skelton* in the Danish; *Charlton* is *Carlton*; *Shelton*, *Skelton*; *Lancaster*, *Lancaster*; and (above all) *Newton* is *Neuchy*; i.e., where the Saxons used the form *don*, the Danes used *-by*.

Now, no single one of these Danish characteristics occurs in Kent; hence, the evidence from the names of places in favour of the Jute population is as unsatisfactory as the so-called historical evidence.

I think the whole doctrine that Hengest and Horsa led a population from the continent into Kent, and that that population was Jute, or Danish, is groundless, and that it should be set aside.

Still, I think there was some peculiarity in the early Kentish population. The name of the county is peculiar. It is not a *shire*, like Hertfordshire, nor a form in *sex*, like Sussex. The counties around it are the counties in *sex*, i.e., the Saxon counties.

Now, the population of the continent which pre-eminently called their neighbours by the name of *Saxon*, were the Franks.

The German population, of which a special statement is made that, as early as the third century there was an army of them in Kent, is that of the Franks.

Thirdly, the names of the Kentish kings are more Frank than might else.

Without absolutely committing myself to the doctrine that Kent was peopled by Franks rather than by Angles, I think that the Franks have a better claim to be considered the ancestors of the present population of the county than the Jutes; notwithstanding the current statements and opinions to the contrary. I also think that—assuming that there was something peculiar in the origin of the Kentish population—the Franks have the best claim to be considered as the origin thereof.

THE EXILE AND THE BAKER.

THE foreigner's notion of an Englishman is that he is a sort of good-natured fool, of a robust habit of body and a warlike disposition, bereft of sentiment, but prodigal of cash, and charitable only when it's the fashion. Perhaps we are like the rest of mankind, blind to our own faults, and uncommonly awake to our good qualities; there are men, however, who do good for the love of it, and Englishmen too. Here is an example related by an Italian visiting us for the first time in his life.

A fellow-countryman of his has found a refuge in London since the troubles of '48, and having lost his little all when he fled from Italy, has been entirely dependent upon the chances of the world. He lived in some of the wretched purlieus of Seven Dials, and struggled on till these dear times came, when his small earnings barely sufficed to keep him alive. He overdid his baker by 15s., and had been refused any longer credit; but driven by hunger he presented himself in fear and trembling to the shopkeeper and begged for one more loaf. The man was inexorable; the ardent Italian entreated on his knees in vain, and finally rushed from the shop in despair. But the whole scene had been watched by a stranger from the window, who immediately entered and inquired the meaning of the poor fellow's distress; a bright sovereign flew from his hand as he paid the baker, and said to the startled dealer, "the change let him have in bread, and as much as he wants till this is gone (throwing down another), and then I'll call again." Soon the exile returned with his face full of joy, he had met a friend, told his distress, and got money to pay his debt and buy more bread. Imagine his astonishment and gratitude at hearing what had happened—but the good Englishman, his friend in need, will never be found out—he didn't intend to be.

BANQUET AT THE BEULAH SEA HOTEL, NORWOOD.

A novel, indeed, an altogether unusual gathering took place at the Beulah Sea Hotel, on Monday, December 19th. The French, Italian, and English artists engaged in the Fine Arts department of the Crystal Palace, numbering nearly 200, two-thirds of them being foreigners, determined on a "demonstration" of their feelings of respect, esteem, and friendship, towards each other, and accordingly unanimously agreed to have a banquet and commemoration of their nationality.

The feast ofainties was entrusted to Mr. Masters, of far-famed celebrity, who added still more to his laurels in his arrangements of the dining-room, festooned with evergreens, dahlias, and other flowers, with each country's banners displayed, his delectable viands enticing to the taste, and an abundant and varied supply, sufficient to gratify all the partakers. Mr. Cunliffe took the chair, supported on his right by M. de Saché, and on his left by Mr. Rolson. Messrs. Daguer, Caries, Clairair, Benerie, Fleuret, &c., &c., were the managers; and amongst the Englishmen we recognised Messrs. Coulton, W. Jennings, B. Jennings, Constance, Neville, G. Lewis, jun., &c., &c.

After the removal of the cloth, the Chairman proposed the health of the following individuals and nations—Her Majesty the Queen; his Royal Highness Prince Albert (from whom the Crystal Palace first originated); France, Italy; and their superintendents, Messrs. Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt, each proposal being heartily responded to, and warmly eulogized by various speakers in the different languages. Mr. Constance proposed the health, happiness, and unity of working men, and in a neat and effective speech, pointed out the advantage of concord amongst themselves, remarking how much the Great Exhibition of 1851 had paved the way for a better understanding of every nation towards each other, and that this present attempt was an example of peace and good will, the first-fruits of the attitude of the Crystal Palace towards forming cordiality and friendship between the workmen of different countries; and he had no doubt the People's Palace would ultimately help materially to banish exclusiveness, and foster the better and more manly feelings of unanimity and esteem amongst the inhabitants of every civilized nation. These sentiments caused a great excitement and produced cordial greetings and hearty shaking of hands.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our thanks are due to our ingenious young friend "Piericini" for his spirited sketches of the North Australians, which shall be carefully attended to in a future number.

THE ILLUSTRATED
CRYSTAL PALACE GAZETTE.

JANUARY, 1854.

The Topics of the Month.

To fog has succeeded frost, and to the snow-fall the drenching thaw. In the middle of December, Winter comes upon us like an armed man—strong but genial, resistless but generous. He covered over with his mantle of fleecy cold the city and the field; but we all knew that the earth beneath, with its myriad tribes of unseen life, was the warmer for its covering; and though he threatened to seal up the water in our rivers and conduits, he spurred our blood into healthy gallop. So we were all prepared to welcome Christmas the more that he came this year in the old-fashioned attire wherein the artist and the singer always represent him.

And though of a sudden the frost relaxed, and the snow sullenly melted away, and the earth became sodden instead of "baked" ("baked with frost," Shakespeare hath it), and though the gable ends made a monotonous drip, drip, upon the pavements, and the fields looked like a stage-king stripped of his ermine and half-washed of his paint—still, we welcomed Christmas! That it fell this year upon a Sunday, threatened a disappointment that was very generally spared. A noble example of social good feeling, has this year been made. Some one suggested that Monday, the 26th, should be kept as a holiday. There were found plenty of voices to second that motion; and though Government declined to sanction it by shutting up the public offices, municipal authorities recommended it to their fellow-citizens; employers showed an honourable alacrity in acting upon the proposition; and perhaps never was Christmas at once more seriously and mirthfully observed than in this now departed 1853.

Peace to the memory of the dead year! And that albeit changeful has been his career and stormy his last hours. Eighteen—fifty—three found us on the top of the wave, and leaves us in a trench of the sea. In January, prices of food were moderate, and of labour high. As the spring advanced, everyone congratulated his neighbour on the prospect of a year affluent in blessings. A deficient harvest, extensive strikes, dearness of food and fuel, and a state of semi-war, changed hope into apprehension, and approval into discontent. December seems to have culminated these misfortunes. Corn and coals are about double the price people like to pay. Every article of Christmas fare is probably above the usual Christmas rates. Of the sixty or seventy thousand people on strike, more than half have resumed work; but it is at reduced wages, and on short time, and with embittered spirits. War has brought terrible disaster to our allies, and no glory to ourselves. Ministerial differences, long suspected, break into a ministerial rupture; and the secession of Lord Palmerston is ominous of an indefinite political crisis. All this looks gloomy, for a variety of popular interests, not exclusively material. But is the gloom unrelieved?

By no means! The past year has seen much good going on in England, and the last month of the year does not fall behind any of the series

in this respect. May we be excused if we say, the summer sun that looked upon the spreading roof of glass at Sydenham saw few pleasanter or more hopeful sights in his daily circuit? Are not the uninterrupted tidings of the prosperity enjoyed by our Australian kinsfolk reasons for domestic satisfaction? The continued growth of public feeling in favour of sanitary, educational, and other social reforms, is neither to be denied nor lightly accounted. The premonitory visitation of pestilence should be deemed not an unmixed evil. The conference held at Birmingham on the 20th ult., under patronage that promises success, gives assurance that juvenile beggars and thieves will not much longer annoy, despoil, and reproach us. And besides these incidents that catch the eye of memory, there is the unceasing, silent undergrowth of good, observed though unregistered—and to be recalled at a time like this with gratitude and hope.

There has been a good deal said of late, as to the evil of indiscriminate almsgiving. We feel it a duty to enforce the warning that police-courts and newspaper articles have made a Topic of the Month. But we also, and with more pleasure, call our reader's thoughts to the kindly duties of the season—the debt of good wishes and friendly deeds that comes due just as Time turns over a new leaf of his great ledger. Another pen than our own—and a sweetly persuasive one—saves us the necessity of dwelling on the theme; but does not deprive us of the pleasure of thanking contributors for the more honourable aspect worn by each successive number of our GAZETTE, and our widening circle of readers for the cheerful prospect they give us in the new year we this day commence.

Original Correspondence.

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE?

If we turn our steps towards the lovely vale of Sydenham, we shall see rising before us one of the greatest works, perhaps, of modern times. No eye can fail to be struck with admiration at the magnitude, the perfect symmetry, the grace, of the noble building now drawing towards its completion, and justly bearing the regal title of "Palace." But in these days of advancing enlightenment it suffices not to charm the eye alone—the mind, the heart, also claim a share in the universal progress, and a work is esteemed in proportion as it tends to advance the interests of science, to ameliorate the lot of man, and to exalt the great family of the Creator. Let us, then, consider the ultimate benefits, as well as delights, to be derived from the princely structure, and we shall, perhaps, find pure and lasting satisfaction in dwelling on the uses of the Crystal Palace. Are we not naturally led to reflect with admiration on the greatness of the mind that first conceived the idea—on the wonderful powers that have directed its progress, fitting all its parts, and producing a harmony, a beauty, not to be surpassed? And will not the heart be lifted thence with adoration to that Supreme Being who has gifted man with such powers, making him indeed "but little lower than the angels?" Then cast the eye on the lovely landscape all around, on the sky that hangs over our head, and feel how wondrous must be that Intelligence that, by his word alone, brought forth from nothing, and sustains in their might, majesty, and beauty, all the glorious works of the creation? Such, then, may be the use of the exterior of the Crystal Palace—to lead the heart from man to man's Creator. Let us now step within. At present all is bustle and preparations; but in a short month or two the great work will be completed, and the delighted eye will gaze with wonder at the scene presented before it, while under one roof will be collected the finest productions of art, the

creations of genius, the manufactures of all the countries of the globe, the wondrous inventions wrought out by the patient, toiling brain of man,—tending to lessen his labour, to increase his comforts, and to place within reach of the most humble, blessings, which, in former ages, could be enjoyed but by the most exalted. Here the man of science, the artisan, the mechanic, can see, examine, and compare, objects which otherwise could never have been presented at one view before him, and many a slumbering talent may be awakened, many a dormant power elicited, of which the very possessor himself remains unconscious, till favouring circumstances shall kindle the electric spark, the influence of which may extend to the latest posterity. Here, from all the distant countries of the earth, man will meet his brother man, not on the sanguinary fields of war, but in the noble contests of emulation, in the peaceful, glorious strife of usefulness; the mutual dependence of nation upon nation will be felt in all its fulness, hand will join hand, and heart will join heart in good fellowship, the bond of union will be strengthened, and the social ties of relationship be felt from pole to pole. These, surely, may be anticipated as among the uses of this noble structure, and in that belief we cannot look upon it without feelings of more than bare admiration, nor hail its elevation without a hearty welcome, and earnest wishes for its success. But there is still one other grand feature to be regarded. Will not this Palace be the means of diverting the steps of many from those fatal nurseries of misery and vice, those self-styled palaces, but rather Pandemoniums, where health, fortune, even life itself, is sacrificed, and through whose mans many a devoted wife and loving family is left to pine in poverty and sorrow? In this highly-favoured land of ours, there still exists the reproach that scarcely any ennobling pleasures or amusements lie within the reach of the humbler classes of our brethren—that the public-house alone unfolds its inviting doors, enticing man to enter and find gratifications within his means. Henceforth, there will at least be one spot combining health, pleasure, improvement, the gratification of all the best senses of man, thrown open upon such terms as will enable millions to partake of its enjoyment, while, by the still further liberality of the projectors of this grand undertaking, we may hope to see occasions set apart, on which the very humblest may be invited to inhale the health-giving breeze, and to contemplate and admire the works of man and the Creator in all their glory. Should such, indeed, prove to be the uses of the Crystal Palace, at the coming spring may burst forth a pure source of blessing, flowing on in the stream of time, spreading far and wide its fertilizing branches, and making glad the heart of man by raising him to nobler pursuits, and teaching him to know and feel his own weight and dignity in the social scale of being.

LUCILLA.

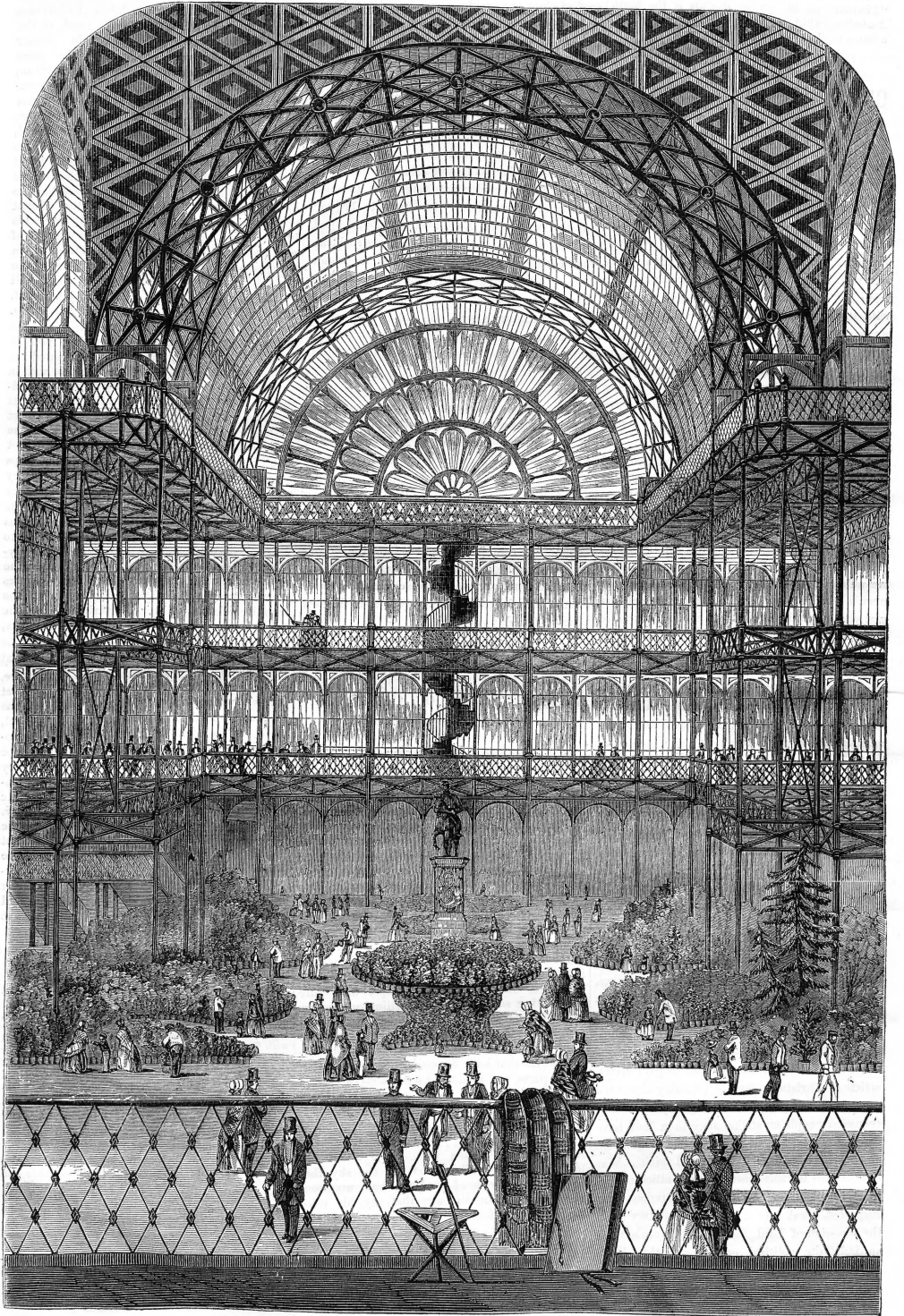
To the Editor of the Crystal Palace Gazette.

SIR,—Observing, by your highly interesting and valuable publication, that the water-towers now in course of construction at either end of the Palace, are intended to answer the twofold purpose of carrying off the foul air of the building, and supplying it with fresh air, as also of feeding the fountains with water from tanks at the top of such, allow me to suggest that they might be further usefully applied to a third object—that of brilliantly illuminating the whole interior, as well as exterior of the Palace, its terraces, grounds, and surrounding neighbourhood, by means of the electric light.

I apprehend it will be readily perceived that this suggestion, if found practicable, and deemed worthy of adoption, might be carried out on a scale of grandeur still more in harmony with the magnitude and elevated character of the building itself, by multiplying the lights, and arranging them on a principle similar to that adopted in lighthouses; thereby rendering the locality of the Palace prominently conspicuous at a distance of many miles around, and, perhaps, in clear weather, even as far as the Channel itself, thus entitling it to its popularly-acquired appellation of the "Palace of Light."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Newwood, December 12, 1853. G. G. G.

SIGNOR ABBATE.—This amiable and accomplished artist is about to return to Naples, where he is the painter to the King, after having completed the decoration of the Pompeian House in the Crystal Palace.



THE SOUTH TRANSEPT, OR "CHARING CROSS."

HOW TO SEE THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

FIRST, catch your train—and there's no difficulty about this if you only possess a moderate share of punctuality, that soul of railways, and touchstone of everything in these days. But we shall give you credit for this rare gift, and even that you can read Bradshaw,* and congratulate you on having landed safely either at the complete little station at Sydenham, the most comfortable for nice fires and easy seats of any on the line, or that you have chosen the more rustic resort of Anerley, in days of yore a great place for rural simplicity of the suburban style, but now, like many other fair spots of this devoted land, forced to yield its beauties to the demands of the age; its sacred groves for some time forsaken by the dainty tread of wooing Daphnes and Amaryllises from Finsbury, are now trampled at dewy eve and early morn by the iron hoofs of some two thousand lusty navvies. At either station you are about a mile from the Palace, which by this time you may have seen shining out grandly like gold in the morning sun, and crowning nobly the hills on your right, so, no doubt, have made up your mind for an uphill walk. The way from Sydenham is decidedly the more agreeable of the two; the road passes between lofty elms and ornamental trees, with here and there a merchant's residence peeping out behind its comfortable screen of evergreens, in all the true English respectability of downright solid, square, regular brickwork—rather solemn at first sight, but warming up with old associations of this or that pleasant circle joined heartily within its cosy walls. Hereabouts, if we happened to be at your elbow, we could point you to the house of this zealous director of the Crystal Palace, or that active and courteous manager, or the mansion where the head quarters of the Zoologicals have been fixed for many months, gathering together their "vestiges of creation," hatching Dodos, and "composing" other strange creatures that have long since passed into the historical epochs. That little thatched roof you just see above the evergreens on your left, across the road, covers a world of enterprise; there is the retreat of the great iron shipbuilder; there grow the first shoots of ideas about such ships you might call floating islands, 10,000 tons burden and 500 feet long, and from this same quiet home came much of the practical working of the great Nation's Exhibition in '51. So you see Sydenham has its antecedents.

But we must hurry on, for there is a host of things that we have come out to see, giving only a glance at the brickfields, and buildings, and new roads, and mountains of burning clay to make them, and the heavy waggons toiling up the hill with more bricks for Babylon; and here we are at the Palace Park fence, and the new road presented to the public in exchange for the old one. Take breath for a moment here, and look what a charming prospect is opened; down a gentle slope you can glide through the enchanted gardens of the Palace for more than a mile, with the wide vales of Kent and Surrey stretching far away into mere streaks of blue distance. Now we pass the house at the corner where "Sir Joseph Lillieniss" and his staff of floricultural artists are planning treason against Versailles and Windsor; and all at once the Palace of Art and the People breaks upon the scene, towering to the clear air in all its novel and wonderful detail, high above the large sheet of water at your feet, and looking proudly over the terraced slopes to the magnificent natural scenery; far off, to where the silver streak shows old father Thames is stealing away with his million ventures on his back to his ocean haunts; pause an instant for the thought that here, while the strongest and most finished people of the earth are striking the rock for new fountains of knowledge for themselves, the bread of civilization has been cast upon the waters, to be found after many days, by the far savage of Polynesia and Australia.

Wishing all noble and generous venturers their full success, here we are at

THE DOOR OF THE PALACE.

If you have the good fortune to be an honourable proprietor, your "open sesame" is sufficient; if not, why you must apply the silver key which every Englishman is reputed to be born with round his neck. Wonder will seize you, as it does everyone, the moment you find yourself within the lofty aisles, and under the flying arches, of iron and glass—a flood of sunny light strikes about you in every direction, giving a delightful sense of lightness and gaiety—your eye is tied away into such long vistas of graceful and mysterious forms and bright tints till you get fairly bewildered. You get a little repose from the pretty groups of camellias, most tastefully ranged in thousands round about KING CHARLES, who, you will own, looks much better than in his garb of smoke at Charing-cross. Pass now towards the nave, without going near the Pompeian House, the walls of which may tempt you, but it must be saved for the last—the treat with which you will be played out.

Go, then, to the right, towards the very end of the nave, and take one

GRAND VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

Imagine the floor complete to the end, the red columns here and there in clusters appearing amongst the lofty palms, araucarias, gigantic ferns—and strange-looking plants hanging in the air, and throwing their roots about in utter disregard of the necessities of life—wild festoons of rampant American creepers, that are anything but creepers, and threaten, like their Yankee masters, to run over everything. Then at your feet you see the great water lily, spreading its wide leaves over the clear water, and displaying its splendid flowers in all the native luxuriance of tropical climes, surrounded with the many strange companions of the rock and brook where the lion and the elephant come to drink. Fancy you hear the water pattering on the leaves as it falls from the sculptured fountain; see how beautifully art harmonizes with nature in the lovely form of those four Nereids that support the *tazza*; how fantastically they bedrille their huge scaly dolphins; and yet how many ideas of beauty they call up! What a nobleness and scope of design there will be in all this! and how sumptuously carried out!

Imagine the picturesque and ornamental effects to be given by graceful statues placed along the great nave, and showing here and there, now bright and sharp in the passing gleam of light against the deep warm greens, then some fine solemn-looking equestrian statue in bronze, strayed from Padua or Venice, coming out dark against a bank of geraniums and camellias. Along the centre of this splendid *parterre* will range colossal statues and groups of all periods of art, from the rock-hewn Pharaohs of the Egyptians to the *Cœur de Lion* of Marochetti. That most magnificent work of Greek art never seen here before, the group of the *Toro Farnese*, itself alone worth a pilgrimage to see; the renowned "*monte cavallo*" groups, by Phidias; the colossal equestrian portrait of Marcus Aurelius. Then, as representing modern art, will be found fine colossal works of the German school, such as the great statue of "Freedom," by Halbig; the "Flower Girl," by Drake, of Berlin; the statue of Rubens at Antwerp; perhaps even the unrivalled "Bavaria" of Schwanthaler, which rears its lion head some forty feet above the wild plains of Munich. Columns, and graceful obelisks, and superb vases, will vary the scene. Cleopatra's long-lost Needle will be rescued at last by the people, after its years of official neglect and impossibilities. But we must put off the pleasure of being Cicero to you till the time comes when Sir Joseph shall give the word, "Ready." Then, when he has got all his climates prepared, and all his lovely flowers grouped in their natural orders, and properly set off by the native animals of each country, all in their "habit as they lived"—what a tour of the world we shall be able to take in one short hour! Why, we shall all be on intimate terms with Buffon, Linnæus, and the great Humboldt, without having pored over one line of their Herculean literature.

But now we must move on to the right side of the nave, just pointing to where the

MANUFACTURING COURTS

Will be placed, in the space from the great

centre transept to the south transept, These courts will correspond somewhat to those devoted to architecture and sculpture on the northern half of the building. As structures they will be interesting, because each one will be the device of a different architect, chosen from the first men of the day, such as Barry, Cockerell, Smirke, &c. The great manufacturing towns will here each have its temple—e.g., Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield; and France will gracefully be allotted her peaceful territory here. Ascend the stairs, and you will soon find your way, still to the right, into the great recess gallery, expressly contrived for the enjoyment of the splendid view of the gardens, and the grand natural panorama of the country beyond and around—cast your eye right and left along the terrace walks beneath you, picture statues of every nation and place filling the now vacant ballustrades, the gay crowds thronging the flights of granite steps, and the hum of mirth and innocent recreation rising like incense to the skies, the grim-old sphynxes of Thebes looking on like the chained demons of sloth and slavery. Fancy the summer sun glittering over the thousand cascades and dancing fountains, and lighting up the hills of roses and the golden-roofed kiosks, and then long for Claude to paint this ravishing picture on the spot.

Turning inwards again, let us descend the temporary steps, passing by the treasures of renaissance and mediæval work, waiting to be applied in their courts, and crossing the nave, enter

THE EGYPTIAN COURT.

Six severe lions guard the entrance; they have a frightful stare, but their keeper, Mr. Bonomi, who had them from his friend Lord Prudhoe, who brought them over from their native Thebes, assures us they are entirely symbolic. Enter the wide open court and wonder at the sublimity and natural grandeur of the Egyptian style, admire the variety and elegance of the columns with their palm and lotus-leaved capitals, the giant figures of the kings bearing the flail and the crook as the emblems of industry, and the serpent-studded cap of maintenance and divine right. Notice the admirable clearness and distinct style of the cavi reliev, the escutcheons of the mighty dead, like our flags in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, only not renewable every twenty years, but lasting a long for ever. And now to gain some notion of the splendour of this Archaic style, go into the sepulchre at the top of

THE COLONNADE OF CARNAC,

At the side where the painting is far advanced, and look down the row of gorgeous columns under the star-spangled ceiling, and while the shades of old Dr. Young and Champollion whisper, "There's a deep meaning in all this," think if you ever had a notion of the Egyptians before, and marvel that you've lived to see the art of 4,000 years developed anew by the enterprising research, learning, and refined taste of your fellow-countrymen.

Pass now through the opening on your left, and you find yourself before the beautiful little colonnade of Philæ, and beyond is the interesting model to scale of the great Abu Simbel temple entrance, guarded with its four giant Rhameses, each near seven feet high, carved on the solid rock, with all their family between their legs, *in petto*. Standing on the ledge, you see an Arab, six feet high, placed on purpose to give an idea of the stupendous size of this rock-temple. Enter now under the portal of Aphor, the Venus, *la vache*, of the Egyptians, and you find yourself in

THE GREEK COURT;

Or, rather, in the historical gallery, with the Parthenon frieze restored to all its perfect beauty under Raphael Monti's delicate hand. The colouring of it will startle your legitimate ideas of Greek art; but you must bow to the great authorities, Owen Jones and Penrose. A little further on, the figures are left plain, on blue ground. Whether you like the colour or no, you must admire the exquisite forms of the figures, and the perfect taste with which the restoration has been effected. But now you stand opposite the renowned Niobe group, ranged as in a pediment. How wonderfully the story is told! and

* Three lines will converge to the very doors of the Palace; one from London-bridge, another from the west, a third, for country people, from the east and south coast. Visitors will go to the Palace, see everything, and return, all for a shilling!

how grand are these noble works of the best age of art! Hereabouts you may see all the great models—the Parthenon portico in little, with all its chaste curves and exact forms rendered with a genuine affection for every line of its faultless beauty and grace—the priceless remains of the figures by the immortal Pheidias—there they are, in all their mutilated grandeur—exemplars for all time—the sacred records of art. But you must peep up at the ceilings of the vestibules, and see the luxury of gold and colour bestowed upon them, and find your way into the court, which is in the severe Doric style; you will be pleased to see the names of all the antique dead of art and letters, sculptured in old Greek, in the entablature—a most capital thought. Round you are all the choice works—such as the “Medici Faun,” the “Wrestlers,” the “Grinder,” the “Dying Gladiator,” the “Laocoon,” the “Farnese Juno,” the “Ariadne of the Vatican,” the “Apollino Medici,” the “Faun of Praxiteles,” the “Drunken Faun” of the Naples gallery, and many other lovely statues. Looking towards the nave you see the magnificent “Toro Farnese” in all its glory, and to admirable effect. And now you are in the nave, you must just take a turn round the temporary gallery of statues, admire the noble portrait statues of Aristides, and Sophocles, and Germanicus, and Zeno, and Phocion, and innumerable gems of ideal art, such as the “Venus de Medici,” the “Ludovisi Mars,” the “Antinous,” from Berlin; and while in the nave, picture to yourself the beautiful effect of the courts on each side, with all the aids of foliage, flowers, and fantastic borders.

THE ROMAN COURT,

With its round columns and arches, of warm coloured stone, its rich inlaid walls of Siena marble, and porphyry, and jasper, and malachite—its gilded cornice—its superb bas-reliefs, and friezes, and vase from the Villa Medici—is already showing what it will be. There are in it some of the great works of Roman sculpture—the “Esperance” of the Louvre, the “Apollo Belvidere,” the “Diana à la biche,” the superb candelabras from the Louvre, the “Young Hercules,” the “Torlonia Hercules,” &c. Next, you can pass along, outside the hoarding,

THE ALHAMBRA.

With its graceful pillars of alabaster, and rich diaper-work walls, all covered with mottoes in Arabic. The character of the work here may be seen in the cornice; but here, again, you must draw upon your fancy for the gorgeous colour of crimson, and gold, and green and white chequered pavements, and the cool, marble-paved piazza—round which you will walk some day amidst myrtles, and citrons, and roses, dreaming an Eastern reverie, lulled by the fountain of the Court of Lions; or retire from the summer heats to the *deni jour*, under the gilded dome of the Hall of Justice. Ascend the steps of the gallery to where the

MODERN SCULPTURE

Is collected. Here you see works of all the most distinguished men—but their description we put off for the present, as their beauties are sufficiently evident. You should pass up one side and down the other, returning again to the stairs by which you entered, descending which you are in the northern transept, where two colossal sphinxes mark the beginning of an avenue leading up to the two colossal Rhames, 65 feet high, that will sit at the end. You will also see before you

THE NINEVEH COURT,

Fast coming into form, with its giant Nimrods and Bulls, and graceful columns. Enter through the thick walls, and fancy how wonderful it will be to see here the throne of Sennacherib, and many things associated with that long passed era, so woven in with our associations in the sacred volume.

But we find our way now, as well as the bricks and timbers will allow, again to the eastern side, and enter

THE BYZANTINE COURT,

Now only in its infancy, just showing its solid arches and doorways, with their extravagant grotesques. But its present state is no indication of what it will be when it glitters with its golden grounds and mosaics, its inlaid pavement, and the fountain in the centre.

THE MEDIEVAL COURT

Is now seen in a tolerably advanced state, but of course you must allow for the effect of illuminating with gold and colour. The objects here are entirely English; there are the Cantilupe Tomb, the Horton Sepulchre, the figures from Wells Cathedral, which look down on you from every side, and many beautiful pieces from Lichfield, Lincoln, &c. Some of the choicest examples of our tombs will occupy this court, as that of the Black Prince Edward, at Canterbury, in bronze and alabaster, and several of the Knights Templars.

THE RENAISSANCE COURT

Will enrapture all beholders. Already you see it bounded on every side with treasures, at the end and in the centre the Ghiberti Gates of bronze, from Florence, that cost forty years' labour, and as many thousands of pounds; at their side are the doors of Notre Dame, of Paris; and at the opposite end of the court is the lovely recess window of the Certosa of Pavia, flanked by the doorways from the Doria Palace at Genoa, surmounted by a beautiful sculptured frieze—“The Singers”—by L. Della Robbia. Over the entrance from the garden is the celebrated bronze work of Cellini, the Nymph of Fontainebleau; the great Caryatides of Jean Goujon standing on each side of the doorway. In the centre of the court is the charming group of Pilon's Graces.

THE ITALIAN COURT.

Now shows its graceful forms in the delicate columns, and the rich wreaths of fruit and flowers festooning the entablature. In the centre will be the Fountain of the Tortoises, executed in alabaster, with bronze statues, and round about will be the great reclining statues of Michael Angelo, the touching group, the Pietà by Bernini, and the Pietà of the great Angelo, from St. Peter's at Rome, all of which are to be seen near these courts, waiting for the finishing strokes. By this time you have been almost satiated with beauties, but as we promised, there is the *bonne bouche*,

THE POMPEIAN HOUSE,

towhich we shall conclude you have found your way. Here the beauties are so overwhelming in number, and would take so much of your time to point out, and fortunately strike the eye at the first glance, that we shall leave you to your feelings, amongst the lovely tints of a hundred different hues, flowers and birds, and grotesque animals, all painted with the utmost delicacy and beauty in encaustic or wax-painting. Notice the dark bed-chambers, so convenient for morning callers and lounging. The whole of this enchanted place will be furnished with couches, and chairs, and statuettes, entirely restored in all their perfection, with many such priceless works of art as a Lucullus indulged in when he spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in building and furnishing a house. All that modern art and research can do will be done to reproduce this charming style of 2,000 years ago.

SYDENHAM EVENING CLASSES.

Since our last notice two lectures have been delivered to the Sydenham evening classes, one by the Rev. C. English, the other by the Rev. T. P. Dale.

The object of the first was to contrast the travelling in England in past times and in the present day. The lecturer chose many illustrations from contemporary publications, showing the state of our roads at different periods of our history, and the difficulties and trials to which our fathers were exposed, when necessity compelled them to leave their homes. Many of these illustrations were of an amusing character, and selected as affording an entertaining view of the subject. The lecturer concluded with some speculations as to the result of the extraordinary facilities we enjoy for intercourse with the whole world, and the wonderful results yet to be achieved by rapid and complete communication throughout the globe.

Mr. Dale having visited the coal districts, and descended into a mine, was enabled, by his experience, to give a very interesting lecture. He gave a most graphic description, first of the geological formation of the earth where coal is found, and the method of search followed in discovering it. By the aid of four excellent diagrams, he detailed next the manner in which it is raised from the depths of the earth, and showed the properties of coal by some successful chemical experiments, concluding a most amusing and clever lecture with an account of the dangers to which the hardy miners are exposed in supplying this great necessary of life.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ORGAN.

In our last number we gave a short description of the monster organ intended for the Crystal Palace; since which, having been favoured with the preliminary report, we think a more full description of it will not be unacceptible.

An organ of much greater magnitude and completeness than has ever yet been required will be necessary to fill so large a space, but the committee foreseeing all the conditions, and difficulties of the case, have no doubt they may be entirely overcome by proper arrangements. The lateral dispersion of sound will be prevented by the erection of screens of glass and iron-work. These screens should extend from the floor of the gallery to the roof, and will thus enclose the organ on two sides, to a sufficient distance from its front to prevent the dispersion of the sound at its first issue from the pipes. This, combined with its own case at the back and sides, will counteract one great source of feebleness. Great and hitherto unattained power is to form the leading feature of this gigantic instrument, and experience has proved that a reed quality of sound was the *only* kind which penetrated to any distance in the building of 1851. Reeds, therefore, of great power must be used, and by far the most powerful yet made are those called “Tuba Mirabilis,” and introduced with wonderful effect by Mr. Hill into the organs at York, Birmingham, and at the Panopticon. Of these reeds, then, it is clear there must be a great number supplied by high pressure wind. At Lucerne, there is an old organ of moderate size, and no great merit, yet it shakes the church in which it is placed, and produces a very remarkable effect by means of its excellent flute-pipes of thirty-two feet; they are front pipes of pure tin, of moderate scale; the *extreme depth* here producing an effect which the numerous trumpets this same organ contains are unable to obtain. At Berne, the organ in the Minster church owes its great power principally to its fine thirty-two feet wooden flute-pipes. From this it may be safely concluded that great depth of sound is a necessary element for an organ to fill a large building, and it is very probable that in a colossal structure like the Crystal Palace, pipes might be made to speak well, which would be inaudible in a smaller place, from their too great size. It is also probable that such pipes would produce a “sound-spreading” effect which no other pipes could do. In order to ensure a satisfactory result from the employment of pipes of sixty-four feet speaking length, as contemplated in the present case, several precautions and contrivances are requisite:—1st, Great thickness and hardness of material; 2ndly, Supply of wind; 3rdly, Sympathetic aid from other pipes, in harmonic relation with them; and this to a much greater extent than has yet been attempted. With high pressure reed-work and colossal-pipes, the Crystal Palace organ will become one of the most powerful and permanent sources of attraction, and will amply repay the vast outlay of capital, about thirty thousand pounds, which its erection must of necessity involve.

The eastern extremity of the great transept is considered the best position for the instrument. Its internal structure will be divided into stories, like a house, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. The feeders of the bellows will be moved by a small steam engine; and this, together with the feeders, will be disposed in an under-ground apartment beneath the organ. The front of the organ must be, as usual, an ornamental frame, containing a select arrangement of pipes. For the designing of this part, the committee requested that an architect be appointed to confer with them. In this front, the large pipes will necessarily form a prominent and novel feature, from their unusual magnitude. The whole should be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general forms of the surrounding architecture. The interior of the organ should be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to show as many of the pipes as possible, at one view. The sides and back of the organ may be constructed, in a great measure, if not wholly, of iron framework and glass, and such spectators in the galleries will be enabled to inspect the interior, and see the mechanism in action. As far, then, as

we are able to judge, the design for such an organ is in every way worthy the grand undertaking. We can imagine nothing finer or more glorious than that the noble edifice should be filled with the full power of harmonious sound, in some manner helping to express the bursting admiration that will fill every one in this wondrous place.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

THE west end of the Crystal Palace being completed, has, accordingly, within that part of the building all the plants that have yet arrived, numbering more than 100,000, but this is only an instalment; and startling as the number looks in figures, it diminishes into insignificance in comparison with the structure built to contain them. The still empty spaces tell distinctly the present number of trees and plants are only a moiety, yet afford some idea of the rich treat that may be expected when all the arrangements are finished in their details, the varied trees grouped into beds and *parterres* in endless picturesque forms, the gorgeous brilliancy of colour of the innumerable blossoms and flowers, the happy contrast of rich and sombre foliage, interspersed with other plants of light and delicate branches and leaves. Massive forms, now singularly eccentric shapes, opaquely dense, grouped side by side with plants of almost crystal transparency. The managers directing seem to take quite a pride in watching and attending to them daily, minutely inspecting every leaf, and continually using the brush, sponge, and soap and water, making them look bright and shining, as well as keeping them free from the depredations of the insect tribe. There are 10,000 different specimens of camellias, which include all the most expensive and rare varieties of these beautiful exotics. The height of one, Lady Hume's Blush, is upwards of 16 feet, and there are several other sorts nearly as tall. They show well for bloom, when the proper season arrives; if they have no different place allotted to them than where they now stand—which is in the form of a bank, and in circular beds, neatly arranged—they cannot fail to make an impressive *coup d'œil*. On the south side of this part of the building are deposited in boxes and pots, 80,000 plants, consisting of the best varieties of the *Fuchsias*, *Ageratums Mexicana*, *geraniums*, *verbenas*, musks, &c. These are intended for the outer gardens.

Several large and good specimens of azaleas occupy the extreme end of the building. The *Azalea Pontica* is supposed by Pallas to be the plant from which the Greek soldiers gathered the Pontic honey, and from eating which they became stupefied. Amongst the different varieties of azaleas may be mentioned the Duke of Devonshire's *Indica alba* and *Woodstock*; the last claims Sydenham as its birthright, being raised by the late Mr. Wood, gardener, Lower Sydenham. The next trees that attracted our attention were the Norfolk Island pine, of which there were several. Two of the tallest were upwards of 18 feet in height. This is one of the most graceful of the pine tribe, but being incapable of resisting the severity of our winters, its cultivation is confined to protected structures. In its native soil it reaches 120 feet, but in this country has never made any approximation to this height, chiefly because they have not had sufficient head-room; after attaining a certain height, regulated by the structure, they always undergo the tender manipulations of the gardener's knife, for the ostensible purpose of saving the roof from serious damage. We are happy to think these graceful plants will not be compelled to undergo such restrictions in the Crystal Palace. In all probability a few will be placed in the centre transept, and there they may grow, rejoice, and flourish, without fear of want of head-room.

There are, also, several good plants of the *Ficus elastica*, or India-rubber tree, the favourite plant of a cockney's window, because it endures any amount of dust and smoke, from which tree is obtained that useful article by making, in the growing season, or while the sap is in motion, an incision in the stem. The whole of the *ficus* tribe are remarkable for a large quantity of this sap during early spring. The

sap oozes out from these incisions, and is collected in vessels; and after undergoing various processes, it is, at length, manufactured and sold to the public in cakes, &c. The tree being a native of the south of Europe, and there being no means of raising the temperature at present at that part of the Palace where they are placed, without taking into consideration the cold currents of air to which they are also exposed, their preservation is very doubtful for the next three months. Two very fine specimens of the Kaffir bread fruit-tree we noticed, and the curiously-looking elephant's foot plant; also a splendid American aloe (*Agave Americana*), several tall specimens of acacias, a seedling of a broad-leaved variety, which will shortly be in bloom.

A glance at the various specimens above enumerated sufficiently shows there will be no lack of plants, trees, and shrubs, to decorate not only the interior of the Palace, but also the flower-gardens, beds, and borders of the exterior, without limit, and on the most gigantic scale, in this department, as in every other of the Crystal Palace Company's undertakings.

MY AUNT'S PLUM-PUDDING!

MY Aunt's Plum-pudding! What a theme! Nay, good reader! spare that contemptuous curl upon the upper lip. Had you but once enjoyed the privilege of tasting that delicious compound, your mouth would be much more likely to water at the recollection, I assure you. And who shall presume this to be a subject of non-importance? What a man's wine does to establish his reputation, that does a plum-pudding for the fame of a good housewife; and my aunt's pudding was no common affair, as all could testify who ever surrounded her festive board on that day of puddings, Christmas-day! At all events, deny me not the gratification of dwelling, for a few moments on the sweet subject.

How many times have I watched, with eager, longing eyes, the whole process of manufacture, from its commencement. First, the fine, new fruit must be procured: oh! what care was bestowed on the selection! No tough skin—no acid flavour—no dry, wizened plum or currant must be permitted to intrude, all must be plump, rich, juicy—the produce of the finest vineyard. And then the stoning! Woe to the hand that let one little pip lie slyly imbedded in its folds of saccharine matter! Then came the luscious citron, orange and lemon-peel, swelling with the rich candy, to be pared into slices neither too thick nor too thin; the blanching and pounding of almonds—the mixing of various spices in such due proportion that no one in particular should preponderate, but all amalgamate in one delicious flavour. Oh! that was a mysterious operation, to be performed by her own well-experienced hand alone. Then the flour must be of the purest wheat, weighed out to the turn of the balance; the suet, from the kidney of the finest ox, chopped with such care, that no single grain should be larger than a good-sized pin's-head; the new milk, from which no portion of cream may have been abstracted; the fresh laid eggs, beaten to a foaming froth, and pouring forth a rich, yellow stream, combining the separate ingredients into one almost solid mass; the little pinch of salt; and, last of all, appears before me the brimming glass of brandy, diffusing its subtle spirit throughout the whole compound. Then, when safely deposited in its cooking apparatus, how many trotings up and down stairs, lest the proper point of bubble should not be maintained. And when, at length, the steaming mystery was placed before the guests, crowned with the crimson-berried holly-branch, what a triumphant glance when no crack or blemish could be discovered!

What congratulations, what praises followed! Oh, Christmas! thou art a blessed time. Christmas! What recollections crowd upon my memory, conjured up by the sacred name. The arrival of friends, each with extended hand, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year passed from mouth to mouth, and responded to from heart to heart; the joyful beaming faces of the little ones (for the little ones may not be excluded on this day of days), and their happy, ringing laugh, as they spy the mistletoe hang-

ing in its accustomed nook; all, all is present with me at this moment. Ah! this is not a time when man wraps himself up in his cold selfishness; the atmosphere without may be bleak and cutting, but within all is warmth and brightness; the water-pipes may be frozen and refuse to give up their contents, but the cistern of the heart is overflowing with universal benevolence and good-will to all mankind, the legacy of Him who, at this season, left his glorious throne, and came to visit man in all humility. His spirit breathes upon the earth, diffusing the genial warmth of kindness in every bosom, and one feeling of brotherly love seems to pervade the world. The poor are now remembered; their table is spread, for this day at least, with something like comfort, and many a warm garment is distributed among the eager, shivering applicants for the yearly bounty. Oh, ye rich! throw open wide your well-lined coffers, and let not one depart with heavy, unrejoicing heart. Close your account of this year's deeds with acts that shall heap blessings on your heads, while rendering you ministering angels to the poor and needy.

But I have wandered from my point, and fear my reminiscences, if not altogether unseasonable, may yet prove unreliable. I will, therefore, only add to you, kind reader, the friendly greeting of the times, wishing you may share a happy CHRISTMAS banquet, and trusting that your own good nature will supply a palatable sauce to my Aunt's Plum-pudding.

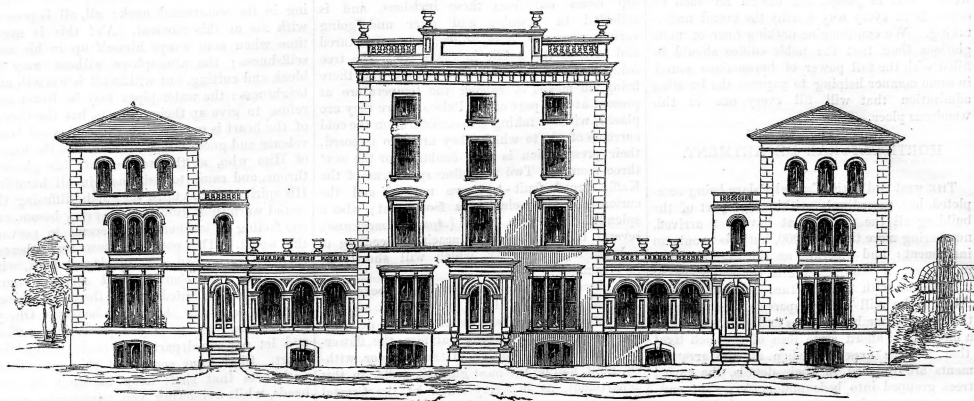
SPACE FOR EXHIBITORS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE amount available for exhibitors will be 140,000 square feet, to which two wings for additional space have been found necessary. The basement set apart for machinery in motion and agricultural implements contains 22,016, the ground floor, 18,240, and the galleries, 33,376 square feet, the remaining 66,368 square feet being made up of seven courts on the ground floor, and also additional courts, one for the Scotch, another Irish, and the third French. The lower galleries, and the principal portion of the nave, extending from the central to the south transept, with the basements, are the parts allotted for exhibitors. The classification proposed to be adopted with respect to the exhibition of industrial and raw products will be made subservient to the general appearance and harmony of the whole. The applications for space already made to Mr. Belshaw exceed, in several of the classes, the quantity set apart, and in the department of raw materials very sweeping deductions will have to be made. They amount, in the aggregate, to 119,000 square feet, and are at present included under the following principal heads:—Agricultural implements, asphalt roofing, billiard tables, cutlery, carriages, confectionery, chemical and mineral manufactures, decorations, earthenware, fine arts, furniture, glass, galvanized iron, haberdashery and hosiery, india-rubber, wood carvings, hardware, jewellery and watches, leather, machinery, miscellaneous, naval architecture, photographs, papier maché, philosophical and musical instruments, stationery and book-binding, terra-cotta and marbles. Very extensive applications are expected from Manchester and the woollen districts. The result of the whole combining a collection not only interesting but instructive in every branch of industry.

Rents for exhibition of implements and machines (not in motion).

For space under	5	10	20	at 20s. Od. per ft.
"	from	5	to 20	at 10s. Od.
"	"	20	to 50	at 7s. 6d.
"	"	50	to 100	at 6s. Od.
"	"	100	to 500	at 6s. Od.

'GREAT CONTRACTORS' GENEROSITY.—At this time one expects to find the rivers and the pumps frozen; and coals very scarce. The colder and more wintry everything around us, the warmer and more sensitive of happiness and comfort we seem to become. So it is with the men of art and feeling at least, and so we find the Crystal Palace Company giving their workmen and officers a holiday, and their pay on Monday, with liberty of absence on the Tuesday for some. But the men of iron stop their works and their pay for four days, depriving hundreds of their wages, justly reaped upon, and creating countless opportunities for mischief and immorality.



THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, NEAR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WE this week present our readers with the elevation of the series of Hotels now in course of construction by Mr. Franks, on Westow-hill, Norwood, and a few minutes' walk from the Crystal Palace. The novelty of these hotels consists, as we explained in our November number, in their being distinct from each other, while the central hotel will be connected by corridors on each side with the wing hotels. At the same time, these latter can, if desired, be cut off from all communication with the central hotel, and the families occupying these will thus enjoy all the *quietude and seclusion of a private house*, with every culinary convenience, should the use of the cuisine of this establishment be required. The COFFEE-ROOM (on a large scale) will be attached to the back of the Central Hotel on the ground-floor; while the *TAP* will also be connected with the central establishment by an underground passage, about fifty feet in length. At right angles to the frontage, and at a distance

of forty or fifty feet from the east wing, a road leads to the *Tap*, and some hundred feet further on, to the extensive stabling and coach-houses. The corridors can be thrown open along the whole length of the building (150 feet), so as to afford an admirable promenade. From the scale upon which the whole plan is designed, it may be inferred that the grounds will be spacious, while the natural elevation of the site, the basement of the building being on a level with the cross of St. Paul's, will enable the residents to command, both in front and rear, such expansive views of such varied beauty as can be scarcely matched in any other part of this country.

A respectable family hotel of this kind has long been wanted; and, in reference to the Crystal Palace, the situation of the Queen's Hotel is peculiarly happy, for while it is so near to the Palace that an invalid would not find the walk toilsome, it is at the same time sufficiently distant to be out of the bustle which must neces-

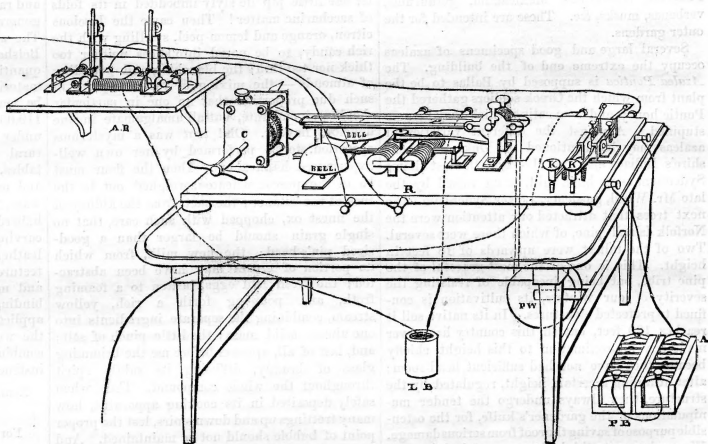
sarily be expected to attend such a gigantic and wonderful Exhibition. An hotel, moreover, of this description cannot fail not only to improve the neighbourhood, but also to prevent its character being deteriorated by a lower class of houses for the reception of persons who wish to enjoy a temporary sojourn in the neighbourhood of the "Palace of Light." The contractors are confident that the hotel will be completely finished in the beginning of April, and Mr. Franks, we understand, is resolved to bind down the tenant, whoever he may be, to the most respectable system of management that can be adopted for such an establishment.

The energy of the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and their judgment in the selection of the best talent from all countries to render the great work perfect, are beyond praise; and we have no doubt that the shareholders will speedily find abundant reasons to be grateful to them for their exertions.

THE UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

WE have much pleasure in placing before our subscribers in our present number a diagram illustrating the instruments which have been invented by W. Walker Wilkins, Esq., the patent for which has been purchased by the Universal Electric Telegraph Company. By means of these instruments, together with the Patent Insulator, also invented by Mr. Wilkins, and now the property of the Company, but for which we have no space at present to give a description, the Company, as will be seen by the advertisement in another column, are about to confer upon the public one of the greatest benefits of the present age, greater than any, perhaps, experienced since the introduction of the uniform penny postage throughout the United Kingdom, viz., a uniform sixpenny Telegraph for the transmission of messages of twenty words, between any two of the Company's stations, say from Aberdeen to Exeter, or from Glasgow to Dover.

The illustration represents the Telegraph joined up with the necessary wires for working from station to station. The part marked *PB* is the primary battery which is connected with the keys *K K*, and is used to work upon the line



wire from station to station; *A R* is the automaton repeater; *R* is the recording instrument, worked by the battery; *L B* by the operation of the automaton repeater.

Upon manipulation of the keys, currents from the primary battery magnetize the soft iron or the electro-magnet of the automaton repeated, and by a peculiar contrivance upon depressing one of the keys, although a piece of iron is opposed to each end of the electro-magnet, only

one is attracted; the other is attracted when the other key is pressed down. The object of this alternate movement, which is so rapid that the eye can scarcely notice it, is to complete a metallic circuit with the magnets of the recording instruments, and the battery under the table. This being done the magnets of the recording instrument come into operation. The armature, or keeper of the recording magnets, works upon a centre, one end going in one direction, and the

